Dum. A gilt Nutmegge.
Ber. A Lemmon.
Lon. Stucke with Cloues.
Dum. No clouen.
Brag. The Armipotent Mars of Launces the almighty,
Gaue Hector a gift, the heire of Illion;
A man so breathed, that certaine he would fight: yea
From morne till night, out of his Pauillion.
I am that Flower.
Dum. That Mint.
Long. That Cullambine.
Brag. Sweet Lord *Longauill*, reine thy tongue.
Lon. I must rather giue it the reine: for it runs against *Hector.*
Dum. I, and *Hector's* a Grey-hound.
Brag. The sweet War-man is dead and rotten,
Sweet chuckes, beat not the bones of the buried:
But I will forward with my deuice;
Sweet Royaltie bestow on me the sence of hearing.

Berowne steps forth.

Qu. Speake braue Hector, we are much delighted.
Brag. I doe adore thy sweet Graces slipper.
Boy. Loues her by the foot.
Dum. He may not by the yard.
Brag. This Hector farre surmounted Hannibal.
The partie is gone.
Clow. Fellow *Hector*, she is gone; she is two moneths on her way.
Brag. What meanest thou?
Clow. Faith vnlesse you play the honest Troyan, the poore Wench is cast away: she's quicke, the child brags in her belly already: 'tis yours
Brag. Dost thou infamonize me among Potentates? Thou shalt die.
Clow. Then shall Hector be whipt for *Iaquenetta* that is quicke by him, and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by him.
Dum. Most rare *Pompey.*
Boy. Renowned *Pompey.*
Ber. Greater then great, great, great, great, *Pompey*: *Pompey* the huge.

Dum.

Dum. Hector trembles.
Ber. Pompey is moued, mor
or stirre them on.
Dum. Hector will challenge
Ber. I, if a'haue no more ma
a Flea.
Brag. By the North-pole I c
Clo. I will not fight with a
slash, Ile doe it by the sword
Armes againe.
Dum. Roome for the incen
Clo. Ile doe it in my shirt.
Dum. Most resolute *Pompe*
Pag. Master, let me take yo
not see *Pompey* is vncasing for
you will lose your reputation.
Brag. Gentlemen and Soul
bat in my shirt.
Du. You may not denie it,
Brag. Sweet bloods, I both
Ber. What reason haue you
Brag. The naked truth of it
I go woolward for penance.
Boy. True, and it was inioy
nen: since when, Ile besworn
Iaquenettas, and that he wear
Enter a Messenger
Mar. God saue you Madam
Qu. Welcome *Marcade*
merriment.
Marc. I am sorrie Madam
in my tongue. The King your
Qu. Dead for my life.
Mar. Euen so: My tale is t
Ber. Worthies away, the S
Brag. For mine owne par
the day of wrong, through t
will right my selfe like a Soul
Kin. How fare's your Mai

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